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JAMES CHALMERS

(TAMATE)



MISSIONARY HERO
AND EXPLORER



A LIFE SKETCH

BY

A. R. THAIN, D. D.

"But oh, Tamate, if I had met you when I was a boy
how different my life would have been."

Robert Louis Stevenson

**American Board of Commissioners
for Foreign Missions, Boston, Mass.**

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FOREWORD

If you know a boy who cares more for action and heroic deeds than for contemplation and study, and whom you would like to interest in the great enterprise of foreign missions, have him read this life-sketch of James Chalmers.

If you know a man who thinks missionaries are a soft lot—men who do not have enough red blood in their arteries to make them a success in business or professional work at home, and who, therefore, may well be spared to work among the heathen, put this sketch in his hands.

If you know a man who brings little self-sacrifice and heroism into his Christian life, who considers it quite a wonderful thing to bestow a dollar upon the American Board, and yet who pays two dollars a week for cigars and five dollars for his club, show him the life of James Chalmers, as suggesting a different scale of giving, a more manly measuring of life's power of service, as opening the door into the realm of sacrificial living and as revealing the carelessness and often the meanness of many lives which pass for good.

If you know any person who is, as we say, "way off" in his ideas of missions and missionaries, who thinks the heathen are getting along pretty well without Christianity, who wonders why men send good money out of the country for such worthless folk, whose idea is that mission churches and schools spoil the natives for hard work, pamper them by introducing foreign ideas and break down their physiques, this number of our Envelope Series may be worth giving him.

You may well pass this little pamphlet around your parish or among your personal friends. It is thoroughly good reading, and Doctor Thain, who wrote so interestingly of Cyrus Hamlin, has piled up our debt higher still.

Do you see this quarterly regularly? It costs only ten cents per year. Next number we shall remind you that subscriptions are due.

CORNELIUS H. PATTON.

Home Secretary of American Board

JAMES CHALMERS

Missionary Hero and Explorer

By A. R. THAIN, D. D.

Paul and Chalmers had much in common. Both were Apostles, Paul to the Gentiles and Chalmers to the Papuans; both passed through many perils by land and sea; both desired to tell the story of the cross where it had never before been heard; both were lovers of action and were not afraid of hard knocks when they were pressing towards the front of the good fight; both were men of courage, zeal, sacrifice, sympathy, joy; and both suffered martyrdom at the hands of the men they were seeking to save.

ANCESTRY AND BIRTH.

The father of James Chalmers was an Aberdonian, and his mother was Highland born, from Luss, on Loch Lomond. This mingling of blood gave the son a temperament wide and varied in its range, from the canny good sense of his lowland father, to the mystic vision, spiritual sensitiveness and love of liberty seen in his mother and her Highland forebears. Ardent love of action was part of his Highland heredity, and enterprises were attractive to him in proportion to their difficulties and dangers.

He was born August 4, 1841, in Ardrishaig, on Loch Fyne, not far from the sea. Through life he loved to feel the lift of great forces. His was a tidal soul. The sea, if not his element, certainly filled a large place in his affections as a boy, and in his manhood he never was so much at home as when riding the crest of a wave in a whaleboat or in a canoe while carrying on his almost amphibian ministry along the coast of New Guinea. Neptune, if there were such a god, would have claimed Chalmers as a brother salt, and Triton would have found frequent occasion to blow his "wreathèd horn" as a passing salute.

He did not love shore and sea waters because they were kind to him, except with that agonistic kindness which brings out manly qualities by the discipline of danger and struggle. He said of himself as a boy: "Three times was I carried home for drowned, and my father was wont to say in after years he feared my fate was to be something else. I was restless, and dearly loved adventure, and a dangerous position was always exhilarating."

A LIFE-SAVER.

If there had been a Carnegie Hero Fund in those days James Chalmers might have won half a score of medals as a life-saver. He was a strong and fearless swimmer, and when only ten years old he saved the life of a schoolmate who was about to perish in the swollen waters of the Aray River. Some years after this he saved the life of a child who had fallen from the end of a quay, and while he was in college he saved, at different times, six of his fellow students from death by drowning.

Time cannot be taken to tell how often and how freely he risked his life for the good of others in the surf of the Southern Pacific, but during all of that time he was an unofficial but efficient member of the Life Saving Service.

HIS EDUCATION.

At no period of his life was Chalmers remarkable as a scholar. He gained such early education as may be secured in the parish schools of Scotland, where most of the masters have a keen eye for "a lad o' pairts," and are fully qualified to fit boys to enter the university. But Chalmers had the spirit of a soldier rather than that of a scholar. He admired Cæsar rather than Socrates. He would rather do things than dig for Greek and Latin roots. There is room for the surmise that in the school at Glenaray he showed greater zest in fighting, not with wild beasts, but with wild boys, than he did in fitting himself for perfect recitations.

He relates, with no sign of disapproval, that the boys of the Glen fought with the boys of the town, beginning with turf-throwing but speedily advancing to the fiercer pugnacity of fists and

stones, and many were the black eyes and other marks of battle which they bore from the field, signs of conflict which could not always be concealed from the stern eyes of the master on the day following. After some unusually furious battle the minister of the parish was sometimes called in to give the boys a lecture on peace and good will; but as his son Jack was one of the most sprightly and pugnacious boys in the school, they listened to the father with outward signs of respect, and in the next fight followed the example of the son.

HIS CONVERSION.

Chalmers had been trained in religion from his childhood. He accepted the Bible as the book of God. Like other boys of that day he bolted the Shorter Catechism, and wished that it had been shorter, for parts of it were bitter in his mouth and did not become sweet as they passed to inward depths of his being. But such a positive character could not consciously enter the kingdom of heaven without passing through a severe struggle.

What he called his "conversion" took place in November, 1859, when he was a student in the office of an Inveraray law firm. Two evangelists from the north of Ireland were conducting a mission near Inveraray, and Chalmers attended one of the meetings, intending, as he said, "to prevent what are called conversions." But he could not prevent his own conversion. The truth took hold of him with such power that he departed from the place of meeting silenced and sobered. Let him tell the result in his own words.

"The following Sunday night, in the Free Church, I was pierced through and through with conviction of sin, and felt lost beyond the hope of salvation. On the Monday Mr. Meikle (his pastor) came to my help, and led me kindly to promises and to light, and as he quoted 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin' I felt that this salvation was possible for me, and some gladness came to my heart. After a time light increased, and I felt that God was speaking to me in His Word, and I believed unto salvation." He joined the United Presbyterian

Church of which Mr. Meikle was pastor, became a teacher in the Sunday School, and soon after began to address public meetings.

CITY MISSION WORK.

Chalmers had resolved to become a missionary even before the time of his conversion. One Sunday as his pastor was reading a letter from a missionary in Fiji which related facts concerning heathen degradation and the power of the Gospel, the enthusiastic boy heard the call of cannibal wildness and answered, "I come!" At the close of the reading Mr. Meikle looked over his spectacles with wet eyes, and said, "I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will yet become a missionary, and by-and-by bear the Gospel to the cannibals?" In his heart Chalmers at once answered, "Yes, God helping me, I will"; and on the way home he made the arch of the bridge over the Aray a place of consecration. "There," he said, "I went over the wall attached to the bridge and kneeling down prayed to God to accept of me, and make me a missionary."

That consecration was obscured for a time by the subsequent writing of events on the palimpsest of the mind, but the light of his conversion experience brought it out again clear and strong, and he resolved to fit himself for foreign missionary service.

His first knowledge of missionary work was gained in the slums of Glasgow. While looking for ways and means of gaining a college education he went to Glasgow, joined the Glasgow City Mission, and engaged in missionary work in a hall connected with Greyfriars Church. He continued in the work for only eight months, but it gave him strong sympathy for submerged souls, for in the slums of Glasgow he was called to minister to men and women some of whom had sunk as low in moral degradation as the savages of New Guinea. But there were many who might preach to the heathen of Caledonia, and Chalmers desired to carry the Gospel to the regions beyond. The London Missionary Society, which is much like the American Board in its origin and denominational support, gave him an opportunity to receive training in Cheshunt Col-

lege, and then become their representative on foreign soil, and he accepted the offer, working under the direction of that Society until the time of his death.

PHYSIQUE AND TEMPERAMENT.

The physique and temperament of Chalmers played no small part in his success as a missionary. He was full of life to the tips of his fingers. His courage and hopefulness made him the Greatheart of New Guinea. Like "Ossawatomie Brown" he had no acquaintance with "Mr. Fear." He could walk unarmed into a crowd of angry savages and subdue them with the power of his glance, yes, if they would give him a little time, could win their friendship by the bonhomie of his brotherhood.

His complexion was pale until bronzed by a tropical sun; his hair was black and abundant; his eyes were dark, filled with an endless sparkle; he had the frame of an athlete, ready alike for the opportunities of fun or the serious demands of strenuous Christian activity.

The following anecdote amusingly illustrates that abounding energy and high spirits which he used so well when the far-flung coast of New Guinea gave this homo-dynamo good opportunities to employ his high voltage, in Christian work. In the summer of 1864, he, with nine other missionary students of Cheshunt and other colleges, went to the London Missionary Institute to receive a year's special training under Dr. J. S. Wardlaw. A few days after the arrival of these supposedly grave and dignified students the house of Dr. Wardlaw trembled in every timber, and Mrs. Wardlaw, with some dismay, began to search for the cause of the commotion. The center of disturbance seemed to be the room where the students were assembled, and when she opened the door she found that Chalmers was entertaining his companions with the steps of that vigorous dance, the Highland fling.

Early one Sunday morning soon after Chalmers had emulated David in lively dancing, a loud report startled the household from sleep, and the house shook until every window jangled. As the students sat up and looked about, they heard the voice of a lady exclaiming from the

staircase: "I suppose it is Mr. Chalmers at one of his noisy games again." No, it was not Mr. Chalmers that time; but at Erith, fifteen miles away, a powder-mill had exploded with terrible violence, doing great damage. Yet the mill and the missionary student were alike in this respect: there was plenty of niter in his nature, and it sometimes exploded in ways which called for regret, but, as a rule, it was wisely used power which gave great projectile force to his words and deeds.

MARRIAGE AND DEPARTURE.

James Chalmers was so eager to begin direct missionary service that he did not give many years to far-away preparation. He spent two years in Cheshunt College, and one year in the London Missionary Institute pursuing theological studies and gaining some knowledge of medicine. The Directors of the Society having decided to send him to Rarotonga, he studied the language used in that island under the direction of Rev. George Gill, who for many years had labored there as a missionary.

While engaged in this study he lived in the home of Rev. Hugh Hercus, and there he became happily acquainted with Miss Jane Hercus, the daughter of Peter Hercus, Esq., of Greenock, Scotland; and Chalmers made no mistake when he gained her consent to go with him to the ends of the earth. They were married on October 17, 1865, and two days after the marriage Chalmers was ordained; but as there was no regular communication with the South Pacific Islands in those days, it was not until a year and a half later that they reached Rarotonga.

"IN PERILS OF WATERS."

The American Board has had a succession of "Morning Stars," which, reversing the order of the skies, arose in the West and set in the East—amid the surf of coral reefs where they were wrecked. The London Missionary Society has also had a succession of missionary ships named "John Williams," in memory of the heroic missionary who was murdered by the natives of Erromango.

In the second "John Williams," a new ship

which the children of England had enabled the Society to build, Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers sailed from England on January 4, 1866. The voyage to Australia was uneventful, and in August they left Sydney in the same ship for the New Hebrides; but as they were passing Aneitium the young missionaries had their first experience of those "perils of waters" which for many years made Chalmers the stormy petrel of evangelism. Their ship tried to sail over an uncharted reef, but failing in the attempt she hung in the jaws of the reef for several days, in danger of becoming a total wreck. She was got off with a smashed forefoot, a damaged keel, and with her seams so badly opened that the pumps had to be kept going night and day to keep her from sinking. They put back to Sydney for repairs, and the passengers lost nearly everything by the damaging touch of salt water.

Their second peril came at Niue, an island of the Loyalty group. There the "John Williams" drifted against a reef and was pounded to pieces by the surf. There was no storm at the time and no lives were lost; but again the missionaries lost their outfit. But did the surf of the South Pacific quench their zeal? This is the word which they sent to their friends in England: "Do not for a moment suppose that we feel discouraged; we have no intention of turning back, and leaving our mission work. God forbid! If possible we shall go on now. God is our strength. All our trust is in the Lord."

SURF SWIMMING.

The third peril came to Chalmers alone, and, brother of the waves though he was, it came very near being his last. While detained at Niue waiting for a ship he thought that he would learn the art of surf swimming. It seemed easy. The boys of the island, prone on a plank, caught an incoming wave by its foaming crest and rode it at racing speed until it reached the sand. Boyish still, he coveted the thrill of a new adventure, and resolved to become the big brother of those black boys. Let him tell the experience in his own words.

"During my stay on the island, I nearly lost my life. I was greatly interested in the surf

swimming, and often watched the lads at it. One day the sea was particularly big and I determined whilst bathing to try to run in on a sea with a plank. I got far out, and was sucked back to the big boulders, and the sea washed me about, and I got much bruised and cut. I can remember feeling that all was lost, when a great sea caught me, and threw me on a boulder, and I felt now or never, and with a terrible effort I clung to it, and then rising, gave one spring, and landed where help could come to me. I was in bed for several days. I never tried surf swimming again."

RAROTONGA.

Rarotonga, at which the missionaries arrived by taking passage in what was practically a pirate ship commanded by the notorious Bully Hayes, is one of the most beautiful of the many islands which dot the surface of the vast Pacific. Encircled by a reef thirty-five miles in circumference, embowered in tropical verdure, with a varied surface which at points rises into mountains three thousand feet high, rich in fruits and flowers, blessed with a salubrious climate, it is an ideal place of residence. A second Adam and Eve, if they had it all to themselves, might there begin a new experiment in idyllic living.

But to Chalmers it was a "pent-up Utica." It was too small; too safe; too civilized. He was like an eagle mewed within narrow limits, and he longed to try his wings within a wider horizon. He thus expressed his disappointment soon after reaching the island.

"For years I had longed to get among the real heathen and savages, and I was disappointed when we landed on Rarotonga and found them so civilized and Christianized. I wrote to the Directors at Bloomfield Street, stating my disappointment, and begging them to assist us to Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides." He tried to persuade the missionaries who were then in the island, but were soon to depart and leave the work to him and his wife, that it would be well to select Mr. Green of Tahaa, or some one else to take his place at Rarotonga and let him go in search of real cannibals—anywhere, but he must have cannibals. But it might not be;

and God's ways are always best, as the after life of Chalmers plainly showed.

TEN YEARS IN A NUTSHELL.

That decade of work on a small island fitted Chalmers to do wider work on a large island. There he learned self-restraint. There he learned to express himself in the language of a nature-people, a language much similar to the one which he used in New Guinea. There he trained many teachers who later became his best helpers in his larger field. There he repressed—for he could not banish it entirely—the giant evil of intemperance. There he was the power behind the throne, the chief above the chiefs; and, if we could take time to study that period of his life, we should find that they were years of success and happiness.

Those who wish to read a full account of this part of Chalmers' career will find a good record of it in that interesting volume: "James Chalmers, his Autobiography and Letters;" edited and written by Richard Lovett. Such a study will show that Chalmers was a Hercules who bore that island world on his shoulders, not for a short time, like the legendary Hercules who upheld the world while Atlas searched for the golden apples of the Hesperides, but for ten years, for during nearly all of that time he and his wife had the entire direction of the work in Rarotonga.

TAMATE.

Before viewing Chalmers in his new environment it will be well to tell how he gained his South Sea name, a name which his friends loved to repeat and of which he was fond. It was given by happy accident, on the day that they reached Avarua, Rarotonga.

He says, "On May 20, 1867, we anchored in the harbor of Avarua. I was the first to land, and on being carried ashore from the boat by a native, he asked, 'What fellow name belong you?' so that he might call it out to the shore. I answered, 'Chalmers,' and he roared out, 'Tam-ate'; hence the name."

NEW GUINEA.

New Guinea is the largest island in the world,

if Australia, which lies directly south from it, is regarded as a continent. It is about 1400 miles long, 490 broad at its widest point, and its shape suggests the fancy that it is the vulture of the Pacific, sitting on the eleventh parallel of south latitude, its head almost touching the equator, its open beak eager for the food which it loves best. It is one of the least known parts of the world where there are open seas, for the interior has never been fully explored. Only a few white men, men of Herculean strength and courage, have been able to grapple with the double-headed Cerberus of this Hades of heathenism—Climate and Cannibalism—and have come back to relate their exploits.

The vertebra of this vast vulture is a range of mountains running through the interior, rising in Mount Owen Stanley to a height of more than 13,000 feet. The island is the habitat of the bird of paradise, and in vegetation, bloom and fruitfulness it is a paradise of beauty and plenty; but in the character of the natives, when Chalmers landed on its shores, it was perhaps as far from paradise as any other considerable area on the face of the earth.

But those features of his new field which would have repelled a self-seeking man, attracted him. He wanted to claim ground for Christ where the feet of Christian men had never trod, and he found great stretches of such territory, for in his trips to the interior his was the first white face that some of the natives had ever seen. True, fever lurked along those rain-soaked shores, and reached up the marshy rivers like the arms of a deadly octopus; but the ardent spirit of the missionary out-burned fever with a quenchless zeal which made him for many years a burning and a shining light. His desire was to carry the Gospel to cannibals; and there he found men some of whom defiantly told him that they desired his flesh, but not his Christian message. There he found the nadir of savage morals, but all the more need was there that the natives should be lifted by Christian faith to heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Very strong and noble was his passion for the evangelization of New Guinea. He would not have exchanged places with the brightest angel in heaven. He

had no sentimental desire to go to heaven as long as the thickly populated shores of the Papuan Gulf offered such a splendid field of labor.

PORT MORESBY.

Chalmers, like his countryman Livingstone, was a pathfinder and explorer rather than a station missionary. Other men might surpass him in ability to establish schools and train native helpers, but no one could surpass him in ability to make a way for the liberty of the Gospel by breaking through the serried spears of hostile heathenism. Paul said in his epistle to the Romans: "From Jerusalem to Illyricum I have fully preached the gospel of Christ;" and the long coast of Southeastern New Guinea, reaching from Fly River to South Cape, became familiar with the wide-wandering Tamate as in canoes, whaleboats, and in larger crafts he made the sea the highway of the Lord, exploring for stations, locating teachers, and claiming ground which others might cultivate.

Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers reached their new home in 1878, striking a reef—as usual—and sticking on it for some time before they landed at Port Moresby. There they became acquainted with the good and bad qualities of the natives. Physically the Papuans are a fine race; not so dark of skin as Africans; fond of paint, tattooing, and barbaric ornaments, but decidedly averse to enveloping dress. Along the coast and rivers they live in lake dwellings, and the stone age still disputes the advance of the steel age. There nature is kind, food is plenty, the sun is a substitute for clothing, and a man without a penny to his name, a garment to cover his nakedness, and with no better shelter from the storm than a palm-thatched hut, is independently rich in that land of steep-slanting sunshine. Cannibalism was not then practised at Port Moresby, but human life was cheap, and every man was a thief and a liar.

There Mrs. Chalmers lived in a house constructed of sawn timber, thatched with palm-leaves, and had she not been a heroic woman in courage and strength of character she could not have endured such an existence, for often she saw none save native faces for weeks at a

time, her busy husband being many miles away at various points along the shore of his seaboard parish.

Chalmers began to see such results coming from the travail of his soul in Rarotonga, that he was satisfied. Many of his best helpers were men and women whom he had trained in his former field. These he located at various points along the coast of New Guinea, and through them he extended his influence far and wide. The teaching voices were those of Rarotonga Christians, but the directing hands and brain were those of Tamate. He was the inspiring big brother of these teachers, for he visited them as often as possible, and his courage always strengthened and encouraged them.

WITH JESUS IN THE BOAT.

Let us view Chalmers in one of his many trips along the coast, and we will realize more clearly that his was a strenuous and varied ministry. He seems to have no care to give himself an easy time. With a few native helpers he is voyaging over the treacherous waters of the Gulf of Papua in an open boat. He wishes to land where yonder cluster of palms marks the site of a village, but before them is a barrier reef over which the surf is breaking in a long line of white fury. They resolve to run through the surf, and in a few moments they are on the inside of the reef, but the boat is floating keel up, and they are all in the waves. But in that warm climate a wetting is nothing, and the only regrettable loss in such experiences—repeated scores of times—is the occasional loss of goods used for presents and for purposes of trade.

On the shore is a crowd of armed natives who may be hostile, but without stopping to take council with his fears Chalmers lands, and with quiet boldness walks into the midst of the crowd, carrying nothing in his hands except a few pieces of hoop-iron or other articles to be given as presents or to be used in trading. The Papuans know nothing about piety but they admire manhood, and here evidently is a man who is not afraid of them. His face wears a smile; his eyes shine with brotherly light; and there is friendliness in his voice as he asks to be led to

the chief of their village. They lead him towards the village half curious, half hostile, but most of them dominated by that strong personality. Not all, however. A man slips up behind him armed with a native club, and his arms are aching to strike a mortal blow at that splendid head covered with a tossing surf of black hair which is beginning to be streaked with the spume of advancing years. But Chalmers seems to have eyes in the back of his head, and turning quickly around he first subdues the man with a glance, then wrenches the club from his grasp and marches on with the weapon over his shoulder, admired by the whole band for his quiet, fearless courage. They are already more than half captured; and a little later he captures the chief with kindness, turns him into a friend, leaves the village soon after with a pressing invitation to return, and does return with a Christian teacher who makes that village a center of evangelism.

A PEACEMAKER.

The chief passion of the Papuans was love of war. The taking of heads was their national game. A man's foes were they of the next village. Collections of skulls, taken in war and kept as trophies, grinned at each other from the platforms of dubus or war-temples, and to add to those skulls was the dearest ambition of every warrior, and every adult male was a warrior.

Chalmers was the herald of the Prince of Peace, and he soon became known as a peacemaker all along the coast. In 1881 he made a famous peace-visit to Motumotu in the teeth of the monsoon. His first victory was in persuading a boat's crew of eastern natives to go with him at such a stormy time of the year. They were considered to be fools, rushing into the arms of death, but with such a leader they were ready to go.

The Gulf savages whom he desired to placate were fiercer and more numerous than their weaker neighbors towards the east, and every year they increased the wealth of their war-temples by adding a number of fresh skulls to the hideous cornice of mortality which made those buildings the most forbidding temples ever erected by man.

Chalmers won the admiration of those savage men first of all, by visiting them at a time of the year when the monsoon claimed the ocean as its own. None of them dared to face the open sea in a boat at that time, and they thought that a man who had come to them in spite of the winds must have some power which they did not possess. "I want you to give me," said their chief, "some of that medicine which you use to make your boat go." Chalmers replied, "I use no medicine, only strong arms." The chief could not understand such unaided manliness, and said, "You could never have come along *now* without medicine."

And they also admired the courage of the man who had ventured to come among them unarmed to plead for peace. What could he gain by it? He was not pleading for himself, but for others. How easily they could kill him. Ah, they could not kill him! They could not understand his motives, but something in the man appealed to the man in them, savage though they were. If they did not at once become lovers of peace, they let him depart in peace; and by such services as these he gradually lessened that love of war which had made the entire coast and the interior a hunting-ground for heads.

INLAND EXPLORATION.

The passion of the explorer was very strong in James Chalmers, and he desired to know more about the interior of New Guinea. "Two voices are there," says Wordsworth, "one is of the Sea, one of the Mountains, each a mighty Voice." For many years Chalmers had loved the voice of the sea, and year after year the voice of Mount Owen Stanley called him to go to that interior *terra incognita* on which the foot of a white man had never trod. He knew that Queen Victoria would give him £500 if he should be the first man of her subjects to stand on that lofty summit on which the sun pours vertical fire, and that he would receive great honors from British and foreign geographical societies: but he never stood there. It was not that he loved exploration less than other pathfinders, but that he loved evangelization more. He loved men more than mountains, and as the mountain would not come

to him, he never took time enough from his missionary work to go to the mountain.

He did make a long inland journey almost to the borders of Mount Owen Stanley, but he was exploring for Christ rather than for Victoria. He desired to learn if there might not be villages in the interior where Christian teachers might be located, and he found a number of such places. It was a journey packed with strange adventures, as one may learn by reading his book, "Work and Adventures in New Guinea." He was the first white man who had broken into the savage seclusion of the interior natives. Sometimes they fled from him, sometimes they wanted to fight with him, but always, when they let him come close, he won them by the mass of his personality and by his genuine interest in their welfare.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

As this is a mere sketch of Chalmers, not a finished picture, time cannot be taken to tell how heartily, and, on the whole, harmoniously he worked with his missionary associates; how heroically the first and second Mrs. Chalmers aided him in the work, worthy of the highest praise if space could be taken to enter into details; how this man of deeds could also be the patient and successful teacher of intellectual and spiritual babes; how he removed to the more populous region of Motumotu and Fly River, and by the aid of boats and larger crafts stretched his line along hundreds of miles of coast and caused his words to go to the east end of the island; how greatly he aided in the annexation of British Guinea, for the natives thought that annexation must be a blessing if Tamate favored it; how his black hair became white under that southern sun, but all the while his heart remained young, and his energy did not lessen; how he did not return to his native land for many years, because he could not bear to break away from his work, and because he dreaded deputation work and platform oratory; how, when he did go home at the urgent request of the London Missionary Society, he was one of the most magnetic speakers of the day, thrilling large audiences with a heroic story such as they had

never heard from other lips; and how—but all who wish to know more about it may read the inspiring story in missionary volumes where it is fully related.

AS OTHERS SAW HIM.

Here again the writer is strongly tempted to transgress the space allotted to him in this sketch, by letting the reader see Chalmers as others saw him—men who came close to him and knew him more or less intimately. If it could be done, a rich chaplet of praise would be placed on the head of the missionary martyr.

But only two of these many men can be permitted to speak, one of them being—though he did not intend to draw his own picture—Chalmers himself. In one of his letters, written in 1891, he tells the students of Cheshunt College what kind of men he would like to see coming to New Guinea as reinforcements, and the letter—for the man never posed—unconsciously reflects the characteristics of Chalmers. “We want,” he says, “all-round men, just such as we have been getting, don’t care men, you know, who like anything that may come, on shanks, their own or others; in a boat bowling along before a stiff breeze, or flying on the top of a sea to be chucked out, lose everything, and get to shore by the skin of the teeth. It is a grand work this: quiet, steady time at the central station of the district, teaching A B C, preparing teachers, preaching God’s love, superintending house-building, road or bridge making, giving out medicine, killing or curing; and then away to out-stations by horse, foot, or boat, or to new places to select stations, and prepare the way for teachers.

“In some places it is, at first, very uncertain how you are to be dealt with, spear and club, or friendliness and food. We are now so well known that the chances of the former are very few, although there is so much of the animal in the savage that he is apt to forget himself and do things for which he is soon after sorry. Knowing that He whom we serve is ever near us, we need fear no evil. Often things look serious that may be turned into a mere fiasco.”

The other man who will be permitted to speak of Chalmers is the brilliant novelist Robert Louis

Stevenson. These brother Scots first met at sea, during a voyage from Sydney to Samoa. They spent much time in the smoking room, telling stories, Tamate, as Stevenson loved to call him, usually being the *raconteur*, telling stories of real life as stirring and adventurous as those which are related in the romances of Stevenson.

Stevenson, manly in spirit but weak in body, was strongly attracted by the "big, stout, wildish-looking man, iron grey, with big bold black eyes, and a deep straight furrow down each cheek," as he described Chalmers at the time of their meeting.

Writing to his mother from Valima in the fall of 1890, Stevenson speaks of his intention to go to Auckland, where Chalmers was visiting, and says: "I shall meet Tamate before he disappears up the Fly River, perhaps he may be one of the 'unreturning brave'—and I have a *cultus* for Tamate, he is a man nobody can see and not love. Did I tell you that I took the chair at his missionary lecture; by his own choice? I thought you would like that; and I was proud to be at his side even for so long. He has plenty of faults like the rest of us; but he's as big as a church."

He thus opens his heart to Chalmers in a letter sent in 1891: "My dear Tamate, I wish I could go with this letter; but it is no good talking. All I can say is, my most sincere affection goes; and when you have done your day's duty, may we both live to meet and have a crack in the evening. I wish there were more like you. You are the man for my complaint: you do me good: I wonder if I am of any use? None, I fear, or so little."

There is a passage in one of his letters which intimates that had he met Chalmers earlier in life he might have been something else than a novelist. Would he have become a missionary? The reader may put his own construction on this exclamation: "O Tamate, if I had met you when I was a boy and a bachelor, how different my life would have been!"

RESULTS.

We are told by Chalmers' biographer that "A well known Congregational minister, who rarely

glanced into the London Missionary Society's Chronicle, and who considered the 'heathen at home' came first—and last—was invited to meet Tamate at dinner, and leaning over the table he remarked to Tamate opposite, 'Mr. Chalmers, do you consider the Gospel has made *any* way in New Guinea?' " Unfortunately the modesty of our hero prevented him from reciting the splendid results of his labors among the Papuans. Nor is it easy for us to convey the extraordinary success of this mission. The amount of unexplored territory in that vast island is so great that no such wide-spread evangelization has been possible as we read of in other islands inhabited by savage people. The time has not yet come when we can class New Guinea with Madagascar and Fiji. But results, rich and abundant, there have been. Where Chalmers found a coast inhabited by the most brutal class of savages, possessing little beyond a rude kind of intelligence to indicate that they were above the beasts, he lived to see after his twenty-four years of service a region dotted with churches and schools, and a people striding into Christian civilization by leaps and bounds. Today New Guinea reports 25 stations and out-stations; 32 missionaries, men and women; 162 native workers; 54 schools; 1418 scholars; and 3302 professed Christians, of whom 1188 are communicants. New Guinea is perhaps the hardest and most dangerous mission field in the world, and it may be that when results are weighed as well as counted the work of this rugged pioneer will stand beside that of any modern missionary of the cross.

MARTYRDOM.

There are not a few passages in the writings of James Chalmers which show that he did not expect to die quietly in the serene retirement of old age. Chief Quaipo, after killing the twelve persons who constituted the force of one of Chalmers' mission stations, sent to him the savage message "that he would not be satisfied until Tamate's skull adorned his dubu," and the wish was grimly prophetic of what might befall him at any time in that land of confirmed head-hunting.

In a noted Golgotha on Goaribari Island, oppo-

site the mouth of the Omati River, Chalmers won the crown of martyrdom on April 8, 1901. He had been greatly cheered, one year before this date, by the arrival of Rev. Oliver C. Tompkins, a young colleague after his own heart, of fine physique, of cheerful spirit, and of a missionary enthusiasm akin to Chalmers' own. They had arrived at Risk Point—suggestive name—April 7, exploring for Christ, in the missionary ship Niue. The next morning so many of the natives gathered around the ship in canoes, and crowded the deck, most of them fully armed, and evidently hostile, that Chalmers, with his habitual boldness, proposed that he and Tompkins, with a number of missionary boys who were on board, should draw the natives away from the ship by landing for a visit.

They landed in the midst of a crowd of natives, and were never seen again. A native who saw them die testified that Chalmers and Tompkins were stricken down from behind by stone clubs. They died instantly, and—what followed had better remain untold.

So died Tamate and his Timothy. Their fate came on them with merciful suddenness; but if they could have looked it in the face for a few moments before death stilled their tongues, they might, with great appropriateness, with no change except the use of the plural form of speech, have used those heroic words once used by a like-minded missionary who suffered martyrdom at Rome: "We have fought a good fight, we have finished our course, we have kept the faith: henceforth there are laid up for us crowns of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give us at that day."

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